GERARD JONES EDUARDO BARRETO

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MARTIAN Manhunter

american secrets

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HE REACHED FOR ME AS THE BULLET BROKE HIS BREASTBONE. WHO ELSE COULD HE REACH FOR? HE'S A STRANGER. I'M A STRANGER.
NOT JUST STRANGERS TO EACH OTHER, BUT EVEN BIGGER STRANGERS TO THE COLD STONE EYES OF THE CITY.
HE'S A BEATNIK. I'M A MARTIAN.

IT'S THE DOGS. THE DOGS WHO... SEE INSIDE.
LAST WORDS. THESE NEW YORKERS COULD DISMISS THEM AS DELIRIUM.
CLEAR AWAY!
YOU! WHO ARE YOU?
DETECTIVE JOHN JONES, DENVER POLICE. I'M HERE FOR THE FORENSICS CONVENTION.
THIS MAN WAS RUNNING DOWN THE STREET. I HEARD A GUN-SHOT...
LE CHAT NOIR
HE WAS RUNNING FROM THERE! THE CAFE!
I SAW TWO WOMEN CHASING HIM.. AND THEN THEY WERE GONE!
WOMEN, HUH?
I'LL CHECK THIS BE RIGHT BACK.
COME ON, EVERY-BODY, CLEAR OUT!
PROCEDURE WOULD BE TO LET THE LOCAL COPS CHECK THE STORY.
OPEN
LE CHAT NOIR
BUT I FEEL SOMETHING IN THIS. SOMETHING THAT NO PROCEDURE CAN COVER.

A COLD WIND WHIPS BETWEEN THESE TABLES, THROUGH THE GAPS BETWEEN STRANGERS.
BUT THEY FIGHT THE COLD, WITH CANDLES ON THE TABLES AND MUSIC THAT SENDS SPARKS.
AND TALK. ARGUMENT. HOPING THEIR WORDS WILL CATCH FIRE AND WARM THE AIR.
BUT A STRANGER CAN'T AFFORD TO DISMISS ANYTHING, BECAUSE ANYTHING MIGHT BE A CLUE TO THE PUZZLES OF THE PLACE HE FINDS HIMSELF.

TWO WOMEN CHASING HIM? I'D HAVE NOTICED THAT.
DIDN'T HEAR A GUNSHOT, EITHER?
NO GUN, NO HOW. WANT ANYTHING?

FORCED OR NOT, WARM IS WARM.
AND A STRANGER IS A STRANGER.
CAPPUCCINO.
AND A TABLE WITH NO CANDLE.

POEMS, QUARTER EACH!
I DON'T THINK--
POEMS
YOU'LL UNDERSTAND THESE, BROTHER! I CAN SEE IT--YOU'RE AN OUTSIDER TOO! LISTEN!
"I HAVE SEEN THE BEST MINDS OF MY GENERATION SEIZED BY ELECTRIC PARASITES...
"...LIZARD-HEADED HIPSTERS BURNING FOR THE ANCIENT RADIO CONNECTION TO THE STARBURN DYNAMO IN THE MACHINERY OF CONQUEST..."
YOU UNDERSTAND, DON'T YOU? YOU CAN SEE!
"...TRANSFORMED HYSTERICAL HISSING, PADDING THROUGH THE HUMAN STREETS AT DAWN, LOOKING FOR AN ANGRY HOST...
YOU'RE NOT ONE OF--
HEY, WEIRDO, LEAVE OUR DECENT CITIZENS ALONE.
SELL YOUR WEIRDO COMMUNISM TO ANOTHER WEIRDO, WEIRDO!
IT'S ALL RIGHT NOW, SIR. JUST DON'T LISTEN TO ANYTHING THESE BEATNIKS SAY.
THEY'RE ALL CRAZY. I SHOULD KNOW. I ANSWERED THE BIG QUESTION.
THE BIG QUESTION?
THE BIG QUESTION ON TV. YOU KNOW.
EVERYONE KNOWS.

THE FRONT DOOR IS CLOSED. SO WHERE DOES THIS COLD WIND COME FROM?
NOW HERE'S A SONG BY THE GREAT WOODY GUTHRIE. A SONG ABOUT TRUTH... AND RESISTANCE.
DON'T CARE IF HE IS A DETECTIVE. SHOULDN'T OF LET HIM WALK OFF LIKE--
PUT A LID ON IT. HERE HE COMES.
LEARN ANYTHING, DETECTIVE?
NOTHING, BUT I'VE GOT TO ASK YOU...
DON'T TELL ME YOU DON'T GET IT IN DENVER! EVERYBODY'S WATCHING IT NOW! IT'S ONE OF THOSE QUIZ PROGRAMS!
IT'S A TOUGH ONE, TOO. LAST NIGHT THEY ASKED THE LADY, "WHO RULES THE DODECANESE ISLANDS?" DODECANESE! CAN YOU BELIEVE THAT?
WHAT'S THE "BIG QUESTION ON TV"?
THAT IS... HARD TO BELIEVE.
DODECANESE GOTTA BE ITALIAN.
YOU WEREN'T WATCHING?! IF SHE MAKES IT TONIGHT, SHE GOES FOR THE BIG QUESTION TOMORROW!
HOTEL
M.E.T.
THIS IS WHERE THE FORENSICS CONVENTION STAYS, FOR THE EXCHANGE OF INFORMATION, COLD INFORMATION ON ACTS OF HEATED PASSION.
THIS IS WHERE THEY STAY TO KEEP AWAY FROM THE COLD. PHYSICAL COLD.

OTHER KINDS OF COLD ARE HARDER TO DISCERN, AND SO ARE ENDURED IN SILENT PUZZLEMENT.
IN TOWN ON BUSINESS, MR. JONES?
I'M WITH THE CONVENTION.
CONVENTIONEER, EH? AND CAN I DO ANYTHING TO MAKE YOUR CONVENTION MORE COMFORTABLE, MR. JONES?
HAVE A GLASS OF MILK SENT UP, PLEASE.
OF COURSE, SIR.
BUT WILL THERE BE... ANYTHING ELSE, SIR?
YOU'RE HINTING AT SOMETHING, AREN'T YOU?
WELL, IT'S JUST THAT... THIS IS A BUSINESSMAN'S HOTEL, SIR.
MANY OF OUR PATRONS COME HERE ALONE, AND THEY DESIRE SOME COMPANIONSHIP.
IN MY LINE OF WORK I HAVE ACCESS TO QUITE A FEW ATTRACTIVE COMPANIONS.
JUST BRING ME THE GLASS OF MILK, PLEASE.
COMING RIGHT UP, MR. JONES.
THIS IS WHAT THE COLD BRINGS. COMPANIONS ON ORDER.
COMPANIONS THAT COME ALIVE WITH THE SNAP OF A KNOB.
AND NOW REFRESH, THE CIGARETTE THAT RESTORES YOUR ENERGY, BRINGS YOU THE BIG QUESTION!

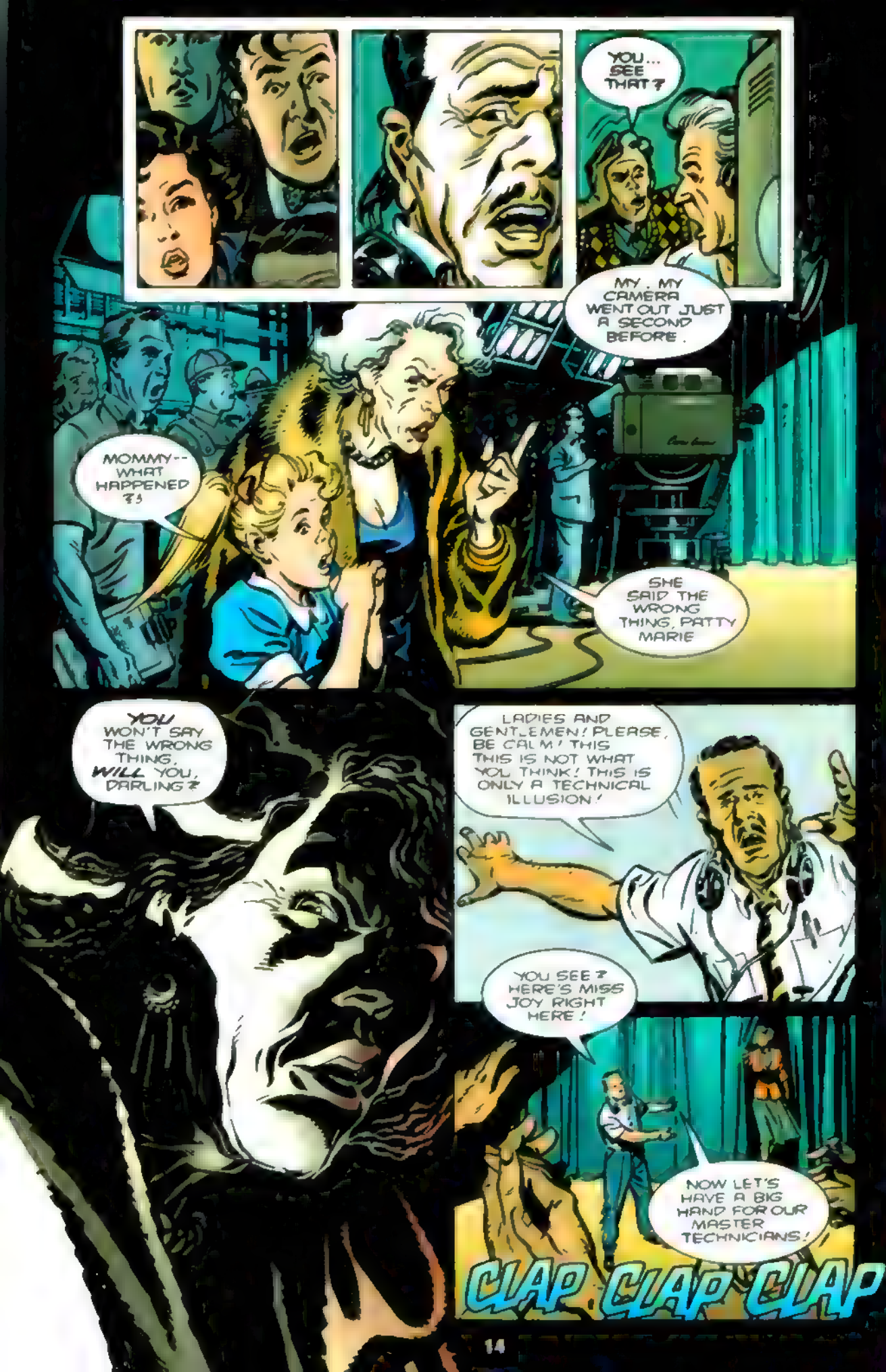
THANKS, RONNIE! NOW LET'S MEET OUR NEW CHALLENGER IN THE JUNIOR ROUND, DARLING LITTLE PATTY MARIE!
I'M GLAD TO BE HERE, JACK. I'M THINKING ABOUT MY PRIZE-TO-BE!
HOW CUTE. AND HERE'S OUR REIGNING CHAMPION, JUST ONE NIGHT SHY OF THE BIG QUESTION-- LOVELY LADY LAWYER BONNIE JOY!
READY FOR THAT BIG QUESTION, MISS JOY?
I AM, JACK.
KLIK
IT MUST BE SKEETER
I CAN'T STAND IT HERE ANYMORE, JAKE! I CAN'T STAND IT!
WITH JOHN HUBERT, DORIS GLADDEN, SHELLY KELLY... AND WHITEY BRIGHT AS THE SKEETER!
HEY, SKEETER! WHERE YA GOIN'?
I'M GOIN' DOWN TO THE POND, CHUBBY. WANTA COME?
AS A MUSIC EXPERT, OSCAR, WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THIS ROCK AND ROLL?
KLIK
WELL, I THINK IT'S JUST NOISE, PETE, I REALLY DO.
COMPANIONS. CONTESTS SO THEY CAN CHEER FOR THE MEANINGLESS VICTORIES OF STRANGERS. MANUFACTURED FAMILIES. STAGED COMMUNICATION.
KLIK
YOU THINK YOU'LL BE HAPPIER IN THE SUBURBS, RACHEL?
YOU THINK I COULD BE LESS HAPPY THAN NOW?
IT'S A COLD WORLD FOR A STRANGER. I'LL LOOK FOR MY OWN WARMTH. MY WAY.

THE MARTIAN WAY.
I REMEMBER LITTLE OF MY WORLD, OF MY PAST LIFE. BUT IN MOMENTS OF PEACE I REMEMBER A WARMTH. I REMEMBER A SILENT COMPANIONSHIP.
I WON'T HAVE MY CHILDREN GROWING UP IN THIS FILTHY CITY, JAKE! IT'S ALL PORTO RICANS HERE NOW!
IT'S NOT ALL--
JUDITH AND SAUL MOVED TO WEST-CHESTER!
I HATE JUDITH AND SAUL! I GOT FRIENDS HERE, RACHEL. I GO TO THE TAVERN, I KNOW PEOPLE. WHO DO I KNOW IN THE SUBURBS?
WE CAN MAKE NEW FRIENDS THERE, JAKE!
WHAT FRIENDS? NO ONE'S FRIENDS OUT THERE! THEY JUST SIT INSIDE AND WATCH TV PROGRAMS ABOUT FAMILIES MAKING FRIENDS!
I'M JUST SO LONELY, JAKE I'M LONELY.
BUT PEACE IS SHORT HERE. AND SUDDENLY I CAN'T EVEN REMEMBER THE WARMTH.

THE BATTLE OF LOD!... WAS IN... IN...
...1796!
CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP
WHEN ON EARTH, DO AS THE EARTHLINGS DO.
BUT WHY DO THEY GIVE THIS SO MUCH POWER? THIS TRIVIALIZATION OF KNOWLEDGE, THIS REDUCTION OF THEIR WORLD TO BITS OF INFORMATION.
WHY?
TOMORROW, AFTER THE CONVENTION...
...I'LL TRY TO LEARN.
BIG QUESTION
AUDIENCE WELCOME
DO WHAT THEY SAY, PATTY MARIE!
BUT I DON'T WANT MY BIG QUESTION TO BE IN HORTICULTURE. I WANT TO ASK FOR WRESTLING.

THIS IS IT! THE CLIMAX! 40 MILLION PEOPLE WATCHING! YOU DON'T BLOW THIS!
I WON'T BLOW IT! IF YOU WANT TO MAKE SURE I GIVE THE RIGHT ANSWER, THEN FEED ME THE RIGHT ANSWER!
BUT EVERYONE KNOWS THAT WRESTLING IS MY PASSION! I KNOW NOTHING ABOUT HORTICULTURE!
I UNDERSTAND, HONEY, I DO. BUT THE SPONSOR WANTS THIS HORTICULTURE THING FOR SOME REASON, AND --
CUT IT. THERE'S A COP ON THE LOT.
A COP? THEY KNOW?
SAYS HE'S ASKING ABOUT SOMETHING ELSE, BUT I'D WATCH IT.
OFFICER, WE ...UH ... WE NEED TO GET THIS PROGRAM ROLLING, BUT IF THERE'S ANYTHING I CAN DO TO... TO ...
JUST A FEW ROUTINE QUESTIONS. SOMEONE NEAR THE SCENE OF A CRIME HAPPENED TO MENTION YOUR PROGRAM I'M SURE IT'S NOTHING, BUT..
OF COURSE IT'S NOTHING!
BUT I'LL ... I'LL BE HAPPY TO HELP YOU AS SOON AS ...
DON'T WORRY. I'LL STAY OUT OF THE WAY. IN FACT...
...YOU WON'T EVEN SEE ME.
OKAY, LET'S GET THOSE LIGHTS ON!
GET BONNIE IN THE BOOTH! GO!

THAT WOULD BE... PARANOID SCHIZOPHRENIA!
CORRECT, MISS JOY!
CLAP CLAP CLAP
AND THAT MOVES YOU ON TO THE BIG QUESTION! FOR FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS, MISS JOY.. WHAT WILL BE YOUR BIG QUESTION CATEGORY?
C
Televis
WRESTLING!
SPLOOM!


YOU... SEE THAT?
MY. MY CAMERA WENT OUT JUST A SECOND BEFORE.
MOMMY-- WHAT HAPPENED?!
SHE SAID THE WRONG THING, PATTY MARIE
YOU WON'T SAY THE WRONG THING, WILL YOU, DARLING?
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! PLEASE, BE CALM! THIS THIS IS NOT WHAT YOU THINK! THIS IS ONLY A TECHNICAL ILLUSION!
YOU SEE? HERE'S MISS JOY RIGHT HERE!
NOW LET'S HAVE A BIG HAND FOR OUR MASTER TECHNICIANS!
CLAP CLAP CLAP

NOW LET'S GET YOU IN THAT BOOTH, MISS JOY, AND GET THOSE CAMERAS ROLLING!
STAND BY
TECHNICAL DIFFICULTIES
STAND B
TECHNIC
DIFFICUL
FOR FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS, MISS JOY WHAT WILL BE YOUR BIG QUESTION CATEGORY?
HORTICULTURE, JACK
THEN HERE'S YOUR BIG QUESTION
YOU SEE, PATTY MARIE? NOW SHE'S SAID THE RIGHT THING JUST LIKE YOU WILL
HERE IT IS, MISS JOY WHAT NATION IS THE WORLD'S LARGEST PRODUCER OF WING BEANS?
THAT WOULD BE. THAT WOULD BE...
HIM!
HE ISN'T ONE OF THEM! HE SEES!
AND SHE SEES. WHAT NO HUMAN CAN SEE.

WHAT AM I FACING?
HEY!
YOU SEE SOMEBODY RUN THROUGH HERE, PHIL?
BONNIE SAW SOMEBODY
DIDN'T SEE NOTHIN'
BIG QUESTION/AL
STAND BY
TECHNICAL DIFFICULTIES

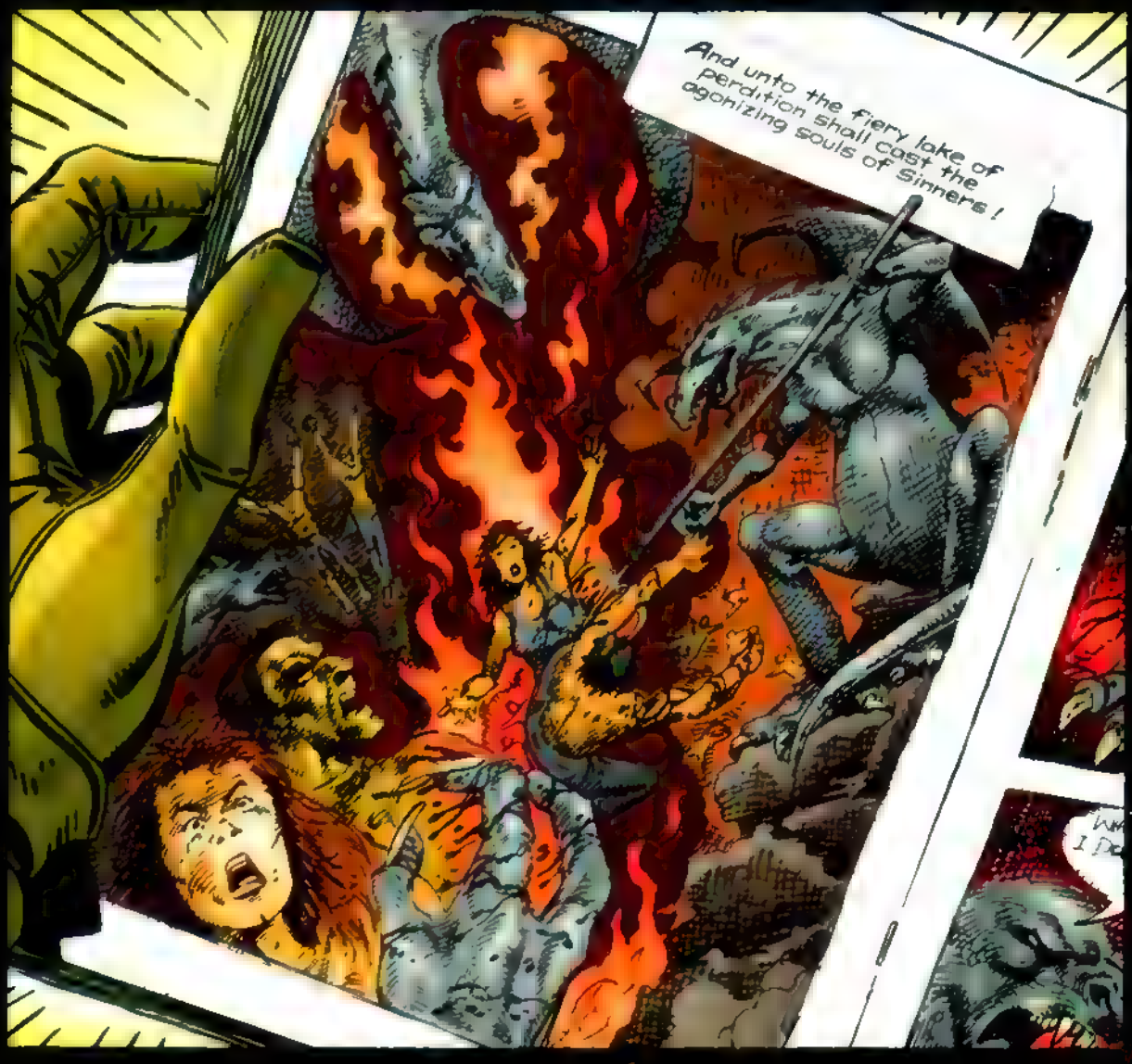
BLUE BABY Perkins Preston
H7
RAVE ON Buddy Holly
H8
AROUND & AROUND Howlin Wolf
H9
IT'S DEAD.
THIS TEENAGE GARBAGE, IT'S ALL DEAD, I'M TELLING YOU, PHIL. THEY WANT REAL SINGERS. LOOK AT SINATRA SINATRA'S SELLING BETTER THAN EVER.
YOU AIN'T SINATRA, EDDIE.
LOOK AT MATHIS, THEN, EVEN THE TEENAGE DIPS, THEY BUY MATHIS
YOU AIN'T MATHIS STOP MAKING ME REMIND YOU WHO YOU AIN'T, EDDIE.
THESE KIDS DON'T KNOW MUSIC YOU GIVE THEM A NEGRO BEAT AND THEY THINK IT'S ALL THEY NEED.
NOW YOU KNOW I HAVE NOTHING AGAINST NEGROES, PHIL. OUR PEOPLE, WE HAVE A SPIRITUAL KINSHIP WITH THE NEGRO. WE'RE ALL EXILED PEOPLE, PHIL.
YOU'RE EXILED, EDDIE EXILED FROM THE HIT PARADE, YOU ARE.

I'M POURING OUT MY HEART TO YOU, PHIL! LISTEN TO ME, THIS ISN'T UP-LIFTING MUSIC THIS ISN'T ELLINGTON, THIS ISN'T BELAFONTE THIS IS GUTTER MUSIC
EDDIE!
I PROMOTE WHAT THEY TELL ME TO, EDDIE, AND NOW IT'S KIDS
YOU HEAR THAT SOUND? THAT'S PERKINS PRESTON, MY NEWEST DISCOVERY I BEEN TOLD TO MAKE EVERY KID IN AMERICA HEAR THAT SOUND!
THEY PUT IN NEW PLATTERS LAST WEEK, EDDIE YOU'RE OUT
HE'S NOT THE ONLY SOUND IN THIS JUKE! HELL, PHIL, I'M ALL OVER THIS JUKE! YOU LOOK--
OH, OH, GOD PHIL..
I'M GONE, PHIL! PRESTON ...HE'S WHERE I WAS!
YOU'LL REGRET THIS, PHIL! I'LL GO TO CAPITOL, PHIL! THEY KNOW HOW TO HANDLE A REAL SINGER!
YEAH, YEAH
DIDN'T MEAN TO EAVES-DROP.
BUT YOU'RE IN THE MUSIC BUSINESS, AREN'T YOU? I NEED TO ASK YOU SOME QUESTIONS
GEDDOUDA HERE I DON'T TALK ABOUT MY BUSINESS WHAT'RE YOU, SNIF-FING AFTER MY NEW TALENT?
NO I'M A DETECTIVE.
AND YOU'VE BEEN SEEN AT THE SITES OF TWO MUR-DERS

FRIGGIN' IDIOT
YOU'RE A FRIGGIN' IDIOT!
AND YOU'RE GONNA BE A SORRY FRIGGIN' IDIOT, TOO! WHAT'S YOUR NAME? WHERE'S YOUR PRECINCT?
JONES JOHN JONES DENVER PD
A WOMAN'S HEAD EXPLODED TONIGHT--
DENVER?! WHAT, YA THINK I'M A HOSS-THIEF?!
YOU WANT TO PLAY WITH THE BIG BOYS? IZZAT IT? WELL, YOU ASK THE BIG BOYS--ASK A NEW YORK COP ABOUT PHIL JERRY!
HE'LL TELL YOU ABOUT PHIL JERRY. NOW GEDDOUDA HERE I GOT AN IMPORTANT CLIENT COMING ANY--
HOT DAY-AMM!
THIS HERE TOWN IS A WILD ONE! MY MAMA TOLD ME THERE WAS THAT CERTAIN KINDA GIRL UP HERE
BUT THIS ONE WAS STANDIN' RIGHT OUT ON THE STREET! PLAIN AS DAY! "YOU WANT A GOOD TIME, COWBOY?"
HOT DAY-AMM! I CAN'T WAIT TO WRITE MY MAMA!

YOU MUST BE PERKINS PRESTON
YES SIR, I AM ARE YOU IN THE MUSIC BUSINESS TOO, SIR?
HE'S A COP. IGNORE HIM WE GOT A RE-HEARSAL
WHY, I THINK YOU'D BE A FINE POLICEMAN, SIR YOU HAVE THOSE KIND OF EYES YOU CAN SEE THINGS
SEE THINGS?
TRUTH TO TELL, IT WAS A POLICEMAN WHO SAVED ME TODAY WHEN THAT GAL ASKED ME IF I WANTED A GOOD TIME, I CONFESS, THE FLESH WAS WEAK!
THIS IS JUST WHAT YOUR CAREER DON'T NEED, KID!
BUT BEFORE I COULD REACH FOR MY WALLET, A POLICEMAN APPEARED AND THE WAY HE LOOKED AT ME STOPPED ME COLD
I SWEAR TO GOSH, SIR, I WAS SO SCARED I THOUGHT HE WAS ONE OF THEM LIZARDS!
"LIZARDS"?
JUST SOME GARBAGE A NUT IN TIMES SQUARE'S BEEN FEEDING HIM. COME ON, KID!
STOP!

WHAT ABOUT LIZARDS?
IT'S NOT GARBAGE, SIR IT'S THE MAN WHO GIVES OUT THE LITTLE FUNNY BOOKS HE'S A HOLY MAN, SIR
HE KNOWS THE END IN STORE FOR US ALL HE'S THE ONE WHO TOLD ME TO WATCH FOR THEM LIZARDS!
WATCH FOR THE LIZARDS TOMORROW! I GOT PRESSURE ON ME TO GET YOUR NEW RECORD OUT!
BUT PHIL--
PRESSURE! BIG PRESSURE!


And unto the fiery lake of perdition shall cast the agonizing souls of Sinners!

THE BIG SKETCH-TION
ZOPRBETIE
HORTICULTURE I SHOULD KNOW FROM HORTICULTUA
ZOPRE
HORTICUL I SHOULD KNOW FRO HORTICU
YOU THINK THIS IS A LIBERRY?
I'LL BUY IT JUST KEEP THE CIGAR AWAY FROM ME.
WHO BUYS ALL THESE MAGAZINES? WHAT ARE THEY LOOKING FOR?
LIKE THESE. WHO BUYS THESE?
RASCAL MONTHLY
GUYS NORMAL GUYS.
NOW BUY WHAT YOU WANT AND GET MOVING
IS IT WARM THERE...
...IN THE MAGAZINES?

KNICKERBOCKER LIQUOR · MEAT · CIGARETTES
DO YOU HAVE OREOS?
GOT HYDROX. SAME KIND OF THING, RIGHT?
A RIGHT TO THE JAW.. A LEFT HOOK MISSES...
I GUESS SO.
TELL ME. WHY ARE THERE TWO OF EVERYTHING HERE?
TWO OF EVERY-THING?
OR MORE. HYDROX AND OREO. FORD, GENERAL MOTORS, AND CHRYSLER. "THE BIG QUESTION" AND "THE FIFTY GRAND QUIZ."
COMPETITION, BUDDY. THE AMERICAN WAY
AND PATTERSON HAS HIM ON THE ROPES!

FORENSICS, MY FELLOW PEACE OFFICERS THE WEAPON OF THE FUTURE IN OUR WAR AGAINST CRIME
THUS CAN SCIENCE -- THE GREATEST FRIEND MANKIND HAS EVER MADE -- LEAD US INTO A SOME-DAY-WORLD OF ORDER... IN WHICH CRIME WILL BE IMPOSSIBLE.
I THANK YOU.
AMAZING STUFF, EH, JONES?
I WOULDN'T COUNT ON SCIENCE TO BE SUCH A FAITHFUL FRIEND
WHAT DO YOU KNOW, JONES? HAS SCIENCE EVEN GOT TO DENVER, YET? HOO-HOO!
TOO BAD THEY AREN'T APPLYING THESE FORENSICS TO BOWS-AND-ARROWS, EH, JONES?
VERY FUNNY

MAYBE I AM A LITTLE WEAK ON THE TECHNIQUES YOU USE HERE
IN NEW YORK, I MEAN
REMEMBER THAT PAINTER WHO DIED IN GREENWICH VILLAGE THE OTHER NIGHT? I'VE BEEN FOLLOWING A TRAIL...
..BUT NOT AN EVIDENCE TRAIL. A TRAIL OF REFERENCES AND HUNCHES. GAME-SHOWS, LIZARD-HEADED DEVILS, COMIC BOOKS.
OH, HELL. DON'T LISTEN TO ME. I'M JUST KILLING TIME, I GUESS
COMIC BOOKS!
HOO-HOO! IF THAT'S HOW THEY KILL TIME IN DENVER, GIVE ME N'ORLEANS!
WHERE ARE YOU STAYING, JONES?
HM?
YOUR HOTEL AND ROOM NUMBER. I CAN STOP BY TONIGHT AND TALK THIS OVER WITH YOU.
NO, REALLY, SWIFT, IT'S NOT--
WHERE ARE YOU STAYING, JONES?
HOTEL MET. 1837

THERE'S NO WAY OUT, JENKINS!
BAM
POLICE
NY
THIS IS WHY I BECAME A COP
LET THE LITTLE GIRL GO!
BAM
STRANDED ON THIS WORLD, I WANTED TO BE AMONG ITS HEROES. THESE WERE THE HEROES THE CULTURE SHOWED ME
THERE WERE OTHER HEROES BEFORE, I'VE HEARD DURING EARTH'S LAST GREAT WAR.
BUT LIKE ALL WAR HEROES, THEY'VE FADED.
KLIK
...KENNEDY OF MASSACHUSETTS CONSIDERING ENTERING THE RACE. WITH PRESIDENT EISENHOWER APPARENTLY NOT SEEKING A THIRD TERM...
EXCEPT THE ONES WHO CHOSE TO BECOME SOMETHING OTHER THAN HEROES.
NE
AT 7
IS THAT WHY I BECAME A COP? TO LEARN WHAT THEY DON'T TELL?
KLIK
...TIME FOR THE BIG QUESTION!
THERE IS SO MUCH THEY DON'T TELL.
NOK NOK

WHO'S THERE?
IT'S JIM SWIFT. I THOUGHT MAYBE YOU'D WANT TO TALK ABOUT THAT INVESTIGATION OF YOURS.
JUST A NEW YORK COP OFFERING TO HELP ME IT'S WHAT I SHOULD WANT
BUT WHY DOESN'T HE REACT LIKE THE OTHERS -- AND LAUGH AT ME?
AFTER ALL--THAT'S ONLY HUMAN.
ACTUALLY JIM, I WAS ABOUT TO TURN IN.
WHAT YOU'RE ON-TO MIGHT BE IMPORTANT, JONES I THINK YOU SHOULD LET ME IN
NO, JIM. TALK TO ME AT THE CONVENTION TOMORROW.
I'M COMING IN, JONES
NO, SWIFT.
WHOK
WUNCH!

WHAT ARE YOU?
NO, JOHN I'M THE LOCAL COP I ASK THE QUESTIONS.
SO WHAT THE HELL ARE--
WHAT?

I AM A POLICE OFFICER
NOW, I ASK AGAIN
WHUFF

...WHAT ARE YOU?
THE FUTURE!
FUMP
GWUKH
...WHOSE..
...FUTURE?
THE CATEGORY IS BOTANY!
SPEEEZZ

NO
SO. HE DOESN'T LIKE FIRE

WHAT'S WRONG, JONES? CAN'T STAND THE HEAT?
MY STRENGTH IS GOING WHILE I STILL HAVE ENOUGH.
KRUDUNCH
STOP HIM!
KRASH
KLEEESH

TELL THEM ALL. HUNT HIM FIND HIM.
AND REMEMBER..
"...FIRE."
PHIL JERRY? NOT WITH OUR COMPANY. BUT I THINK THERE'S A MR JERRY AT ROYAL RECORDS
NEED ANOTHER PRESTON PLATTER, PHIL. NEED IT FOR THE JUKES
BUT--
NO BUT. GOT TO FILL THE JUKES WITH TEENAGERS. WIPE EVERYBODY ELSE OUTTA THERE. WORD'S COME DOWN.
BIG WORD.
ALL THE WAY FROM CUBA.

YOU MEAN WIPE EVERY-BODY EXCEPT FRANKIE, RIGHT?
EVERY-BODY EVEN FRANKIE
JEEZ THIS IS BIG
YOU DON'T KNOW HOW BIG WE'LL TELL MR GIOCONDA YOU'RE WORKING ON IT
CUBA, PHIL?
HOW... HOW THE HELL.?

WHAT ARE YOU DOING? WHO ARE YOU WORKING WITH?
YOU THINK I'LL TELL YOU?!
THREE COPS TRIED TO KILL ME TONIGHT, PHIL. I DON'T LIKE COPS TRYING TO KILL ME
I GOT NOTHING TO DO WITH THAT! I GOT NOTHING TO DO WITH ANY MURDERS!
ALL I KNOW IS WHAT THEY TELL ME! THE MOBS WHO RUN THE JUKE RACKETS, THEY GOT PULL IN THE RECORD GAME.
AND THEY JUST THEY JUST
JUST.
EEEYAAAAA!!

THE LIZARDS! THE LIZARDS! THEY--
OH LORD! THEY DID IT TO MR. JERRY! THEY DID IT TO MR. JERRY!
AWAY FROM THE FIRE!
WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THE LIZARDS?
NOTHING! I JUST SEEN 'EM! I SEEN 'EM ALL OVER THE BUILDING!

THEY'LL PROBABLY WANT YOU, THEN THEY ALREADY WANT ME.
WE GOT TO GET OUT, SIR! I GOT TO GET BACK HOME! I GOT TO SEE MY MAMA!
IF THEY'VE GOT THE NEW YORK POLICE, THEY'LL BE WATCHING THE TRAIN STATIONS BUS STATIONS, AIRPORTS.
SHIELA!
SHIELA CAN SAVE US! SHIELA LOVES ME!
SHIELA?
RIGHT HERE, SIR RIGHT HERE

OH, LORD! OH, MAMA!
SCRIIIII
BAM BAM
POLICE NY
EEEEEEEE!!
WHAT-- --ON EARTH --?
PATTY MARIE?!
SAVE ME! SAVE ME!

WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? WHERE'S YOUR MOTHER?
WITH THE LIZARDS! MOTHER WAS GOING TO GIVE ME TO THE LIZARDS! I RAN OUT OF THE BOOTH! I HAD TO HIDE!
GYAAAAAA!!
BUT WHAT--?
SHHRIIIIK
BAM
BAM

KRUUNCH
KRUUUM
SO YOU CAN DRIVE THIS THING
I CAN DRIVE GREAT, SIR I JUST AIN'T USED TO BEIN' SHOT AT BY FOLKS OR LIZARDS.
OH, LORD, SIR! OH, LORD!
WHAT?!
JUST GET AWAY FROM NEW YORK
TO WHERE? I ASK PERKINS, BUT HE HAS NO IDEA ONLY HOME KENTUCKY
THERE'S A BRIDGE!
YES! THAT'S GOOD! DRIVE OVER IT! GO!
AND THE LITTLE GIRL ONLY CRIES IN THE BACK...

...UNTIL SHE SLEEPS
STRANGE. THE FIRST THOUGHT THAT CROSSES MY MIND IS THE TROUBLE I CAN GET INTO BY TAKING A RUNAWAY MINOR ACROSS STATE LINES
MAYBE I'VE LEARNED MY POLICE CODES TOO WELL.
THEY'RE NOTHING NOW
THERE! THAT'S WHERE WE GO!
LEAVITZ-VILLE NEXT EXIT
WHY THERE?
EVERYBODY KNOWS ABOUT LEAVITZ-VILLE! IT'S THE SUBURBS! MY MAMA TALKS ABOUT THE SUBURBS ALL THE TIME! LIKE A SMALL TOWN -- ONLY NEW AND IMPROVED!
NOTHING'LL HURT US THERE

LEAVITZVILLE
THE HOME YOU
ALWAYS WANTED
CONTINUED

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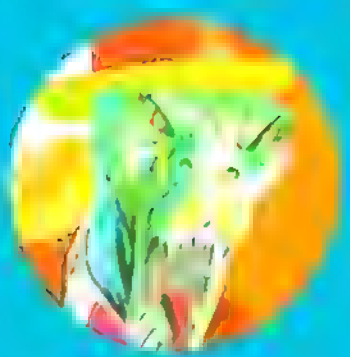
"He reached for me

as the bullet broke his breastbone. What else could he reach for? He's a stranger. I'm a stranger. Not just strangers to each other, but even bigger strangers to the cold stone eyes of the city. "He's a beatnik. I'm a Martian."



It's 1959, and America is a place of many secrets. The Cold War is heating to a boil, TV game shows are fixed, and U.S. teenagers are becoming slaves to the passion of rock and roll.

Police detective John Jones is a man with a secret himself: he's really from the planet Mars and he's lost and alone on an uncaring alien landscape called Earth. Yet as The Martian Manhunter, he fights secretly to defend this adopted world.

When a stranger drops dead in his arms, the Manhunter is drawn into a web of mystery whose twisted trails lead him ever deeper into the secrets of the dark soul of America itself.

"LIZARD-HEADED HIPSTERS."

IMPORTED WHISKY

Admiral TELEVISION APPLIANCES

WHAT TRAIL AM I FOLLOWING? A WORD HERE AND A HUNCH THERE, SEEKING THE INDEFINABLE. NOT EARTH METHODS.

MARS METHODS? I DON'T REMEMBER ENOUGH TO KNOW.

...IN NUCLEAR WAR, THAT'S HOW. THE ATOM BOMB IS THE LORD'S LAST BLESSING.

BUT THE LIZARD-HEADS...

SATAN IS A LIZARD! I CAN SEE HIM, THAT'S WHY HE TORMENTS ME. THAT'S WHY HE HAD ME THROWN OUT OF *NUTS*.

THROWN OUT OF NUTS?

THE MAGAZINE! *THERE!*

NO TRU

I WAS ONE OF THEIR BIGGEST CARTOONISTS. I DREW THE UGLIEST PEOPLE IN THE WORLD. BUT THEN THEY FIRED ME. AND YOU KNOW WHAT THEY SAID?

"TOO MANY LIZARDS."

HEY!

NUTS

NUTS

GET OUTTA HERE WITH YOUR WEIRDO LITTLE COMICS! YOU SCARE MY CUSTOMERS!

I PUT THE LIZARDS INTO ALL MY PICTURES, TO WARN PEOPLE. BUT SATAN MADE THEM FIRE ME.

YOU A FRIEND OF THAT NUT-CASE?

HEY! HEY!

MELVIN KEENE'S

NUTS

I TOLD YOU, JONES. IT *MIGHT* BE *IMPORTANT*.

NOBODY CAN CATCH SHIELA!

YOU KNOW HOW TO GET TO WEST SIDE HIGHWAY?

57-7

SHRIIIIIII

RRREEEEEE

I GUESS IT DOESN'T MATTER IF HE DOES.

FATUMP

A

VIGILANTE 407

DCP Scan